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BATMAN AND SUPERMAN

**TERRIFIC
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PACKED
STORIES**

**inside
PLUS AMAZING
SUPERMAN
POSTER!**



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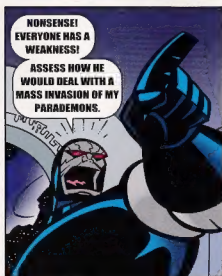
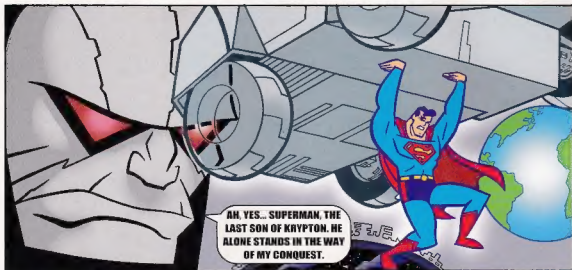
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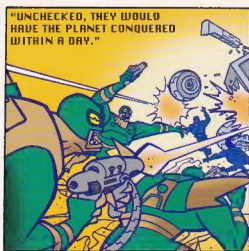
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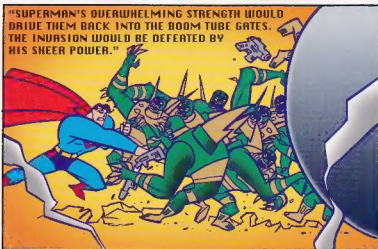
BOOM TUBE TELEPORTATION DEVICES WOULD DELIVER YOUR PARADEMONS DIRECTLY TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE, ALLOWING THEM TO ATTACK THE CITIES.



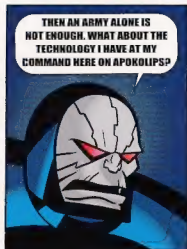
"UNCHECKED, THEY WOULD HAVE THE PLANET CONQUERED WITHIN A DAY."



"HOWEVER, SUPERMAN WOULD SPRING TO THE DEFENCE. NONE OF YOUR PARADEMONS POSSESSES THE POWER TO MATCH HIM."

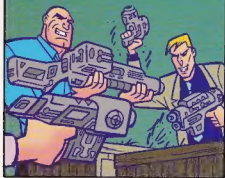


"SUPERMAN'S OVERWHELMING STRENGTH WOULD DRIVE THEM BACK INTO THE BOOM TUBE GATES. THE INVASION WOULD BE DEFEATED BY HIS SHEER POWER."



THEN AN ARMY ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH. WHAT ABOUT THE TECHNOLOGY I HAVE AT MY COMMAND HERE ON APOKOLIPS?

"IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO SMUGGLE MORE ADVANCED WEAPONS TO THE CRIMINAL CARTEL ON EARTH KNOWN AS INTERGANG."



LASER CANNONS AND DEATOMIZERS WOULD MAKE INTERGANG AN UNBEATABLE FORCE. THE EARTH POLICE WOULD BE UNABLE TO STOP THEM.



BANK

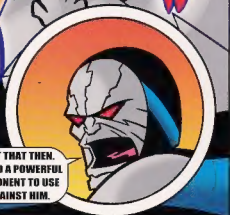
"HOWEVER, INTERGANG ARE LIKELY TO BE MORE INTERESTED IN ROBBERY AND THEFT THAN WORLD DOMINATION."



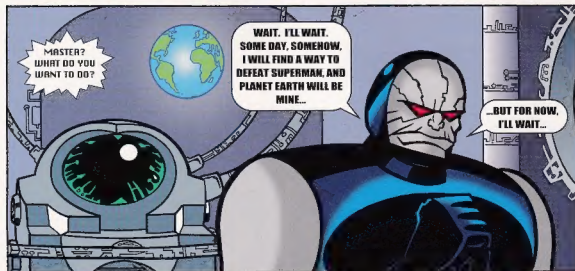
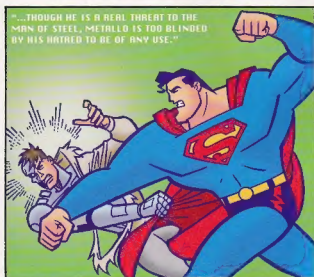
"THIS DELAY WOULD GIVE SUPERMAN THE CHANCE TO STOP THEM FROM CONQUERING EARTH. THE WEAPONS WOULD BE USELESS AGAINST HIS INVULNERABILITY."



NOT THAT THEN.
I NEED A POWERFUL
OPPONENT TO USE
AGAINST HIM.









CRY WOOF

It was an unusually quiet night in Gotham. Crouched on the roof of one of the city's highest skyscrapers, Batman surveyed his domain. He was uneasy... this patrol had picked up very little activity. He looked over in the direction of Police Headquarters, but thankfully the Bat-Signal was not lit. Batman sighed. This might be an easy night after all.

Just before he finished his patrol sweep and returned to the Batcave, Batman looked to the west and was amazed to see a flickering signal shining up against the low clouds. In an instant he was on his way.

Little Bobby Johnson had climbed up the fire escape of the old movie hall down the street from his house and taped a cut-out bat shape across the lens of one of the powerful display floodlights on the edge of the roof. He was pretty sure it wouldn't work, but he knew he had to try. When Batman appeared on the cinema roof behind him, Bobby was so surprised he couldn't think what to say.

"What is this?" asked Batman, stepping towards the floodlight. Bobby gazed at him, open-mouthed in disbelief.

"It was the only thing I could think



of doing," he stammered. "My dog, Bruce, has gone missing and I think he might be in trouble. You're the only person I could think to call who would help me."

"Bruce? Your dog is called Bruce?" asked Batman, trying to cover his smile. The boy couldn't know that Batman's real name was also Bruce.

"Yes!" said Bobby "and he's been lost all night."

Batman reached over to the powerful floodlight, and removed the bat shape from the lens.

"This is what is called a *false alarm*, said Batman. "It's also called *crying wolf*. There are dozens of crimes being committed in this city every night, and if I am distracted I could miss the chance of helping someone *really* in need."

Batman prepared to continue with his patrol. He took one last stern look at the small boy. "I'm sure your dog will turn up. Just make sure you don't cry wolf again."

Bobby wanted to apologise to his hero, but in an instant Batman had disappeared into the night.

Later, Batman was finishing his patrol circuit of the warehouses around the docks. As he leapt from rooftop to rooftop, he thought he heard the sound of a dog barking. Curious, he turned back and dropped down into the warehouse district.

He followed the sounds, moving like a shadow. Finally, he caught

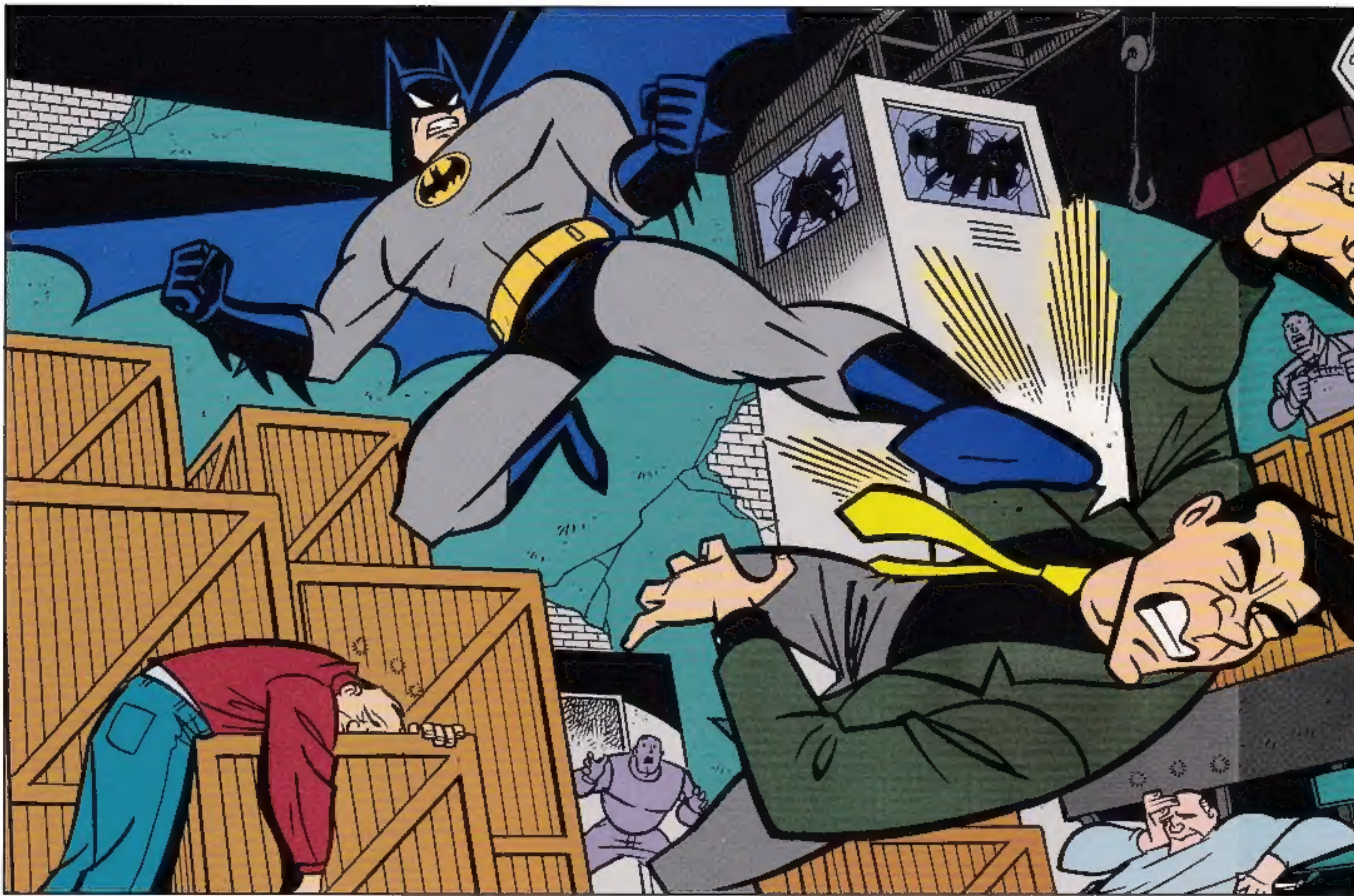


sight of a small dog, scraping at the upstairs window of a warehouse. The poor animal was pressing its nose against the window, and through the toughened glass, Batman could read the dog's little collar tag. It read "Bruce".

Batman swept down to the door of the warehouse. It was half open and the padlock had been forced.

Gliding in like a ghost, Batman slid into the vast interior of the warehouse. The darkness was filled with great stacks of packing cases. Batman climbed one of these stacks and perched on the top. From his vantage point, he could see across the entire warehouse using the night-vision lenses of his cowl.

On the far side of the building, Batman caught sight of a team of



criminal thugs, who were loading stolen cargo onto a flatbed truck. Instantly, Batman realised what had happened. The dog had found its way into the building and got lost because the door had been left open by the crooks when they forced it.

Batman crossed the warehouse silently by leaping from the top of one pile of crates to the next. As he moved, he slipped a Batarang from his Utility Belt and raised it in his hand, ready to throw.

The thieves were heaving heavy crates into the truck when Batman struck. The Batarang whizzed out of the gloom and the whirling black

crescent hit one... two... three thugs and laid them out cold.

The others were amazed and baffled by the sudden attack, but they were also nervous and trigger happy. They spun round, pulling out their handguns and shot at random into the darkness.

Batman had expected this, and lay flat on the cover of the crate top until they had emptied their magazines. Then he moved.

Batman dropped like a meteor from the darkness. He landed squarely on one, knocking him unconscious, and then punched low under the weapon of the second to

subdue him before he could reload.

The remaining thief had managed to slam a fresh clip of bullets into his gun by then, but Batman dived low and brought him down in a tackle that sent him crashing back into a stack of crates, unconscious.

The raid was over. As Batman began to tie up the dazed thugs for the police, he heard a yapping and turned to see a small dog bounding over the warehouse floor towards him.

"Thanks for your help...Bruce," Batman said, scooping him up.

Bobby Johnson was amazed when Batman paid him a second visit that night. The Dark Knight had found out where he lived from the address on the back of the dog's collar tag. He appeared at the boy's bedroom window, carrying Bobby's beloved Bruce carefully under his arm. Batman set the dog down on Bobby's bedroom floor.

"You found my dog! Just like I asked you to!" said Bobby.

"I always try to help out where I can, and I found your dog while I was stopping some criminals," said Batman. "In fact, your dog sort of raised the alarm in the first

place. Now you keep an eye on him from now on so that this doesn't happen again."

Bobby hugged his dog as Batman disappeared into the night.

"Good boy, Bruce. You came home after all," said Bobby.

High above, gliding through the towers and tenements of Gotham City, Batman realised that for a change, another Bruce had led the way to justice.

THE END

